

A SCORE DEAD.

Texas Storm More Terrible Than Supposed.

Over One Hundred Persons Were Wounded.

TOWNS WIPE OUT.

Not a House or Fence Left in Some Places.

DALLAS, Texas, March 20.—The storms which swept over Northern Texas Saturday, Sunday and Monday night and prevailed yesterday were unparalleled in severity. The death toll will reach twenty and the list of wounded over 200. At Emery, capital of Rain county, the cyclone knocked the town nearly out of existence. There were many other towns visited and battered roughly. Mayor Harry had called upon our citizens for contributions to relieve the sufferers, many of whom have been ruined and mourn the loss of members of their families. Last night an electric storm, followed by a miniature deluge of rain fell upon Dallas, and all the counties around us. No damage to the railroads has yet been reported, but it is nearly certain to occur. The river in front of the city is rapidly rising.

A telegraph from Nogginodeo says: Yesterday a cyclone passed through this country and this morning another tornado traversed a wide strip of country. Rain has been falling in sheets so the communication with the stricken section has been suspended and only meagre details are obtainable. Every house in the Whitaker section of town was blown away and a number seriously hurt.

In the Orman neighborhood eight miles from there, there is not a house or fence left. Dan Grimes was killed and his wife who was confined to her bed, received fatal injuries. Her to be a few days old escaped. Yesterday morning a cyclone began operations two miles east of there, raining all the houses in the McClinton mill settlement. The corpse of a young lady who died last night was mangy beyond recognition. Many inmates of the house were fatally injured. Jake Bugler, an old blind man, was killed by flying timbers. Relief parties have been organized.

It is reported that Hilliard, in Bell, and Bartlett, in Williamson county, were wiped out, but no authentic news is obtainable from these places as the wires are down.

Severe Storm in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 20.—The storm which began in Arkansas Saturday night has not yet abated. The average rainfall from Eufaula to Memphis during the past forty-eight hours has been four inches. The Arkansas river is rising rapidly, and will, it is expected, reach the danger point by Thursday morning. Reports indicate that the storm has been very severe throughout the state.

Closing Up a Mystery.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., March 20.—In this city yesterday Ed McDonald and Albert Johnson were arrested charged with the assassination of Frank Williams, near Newkirk. On the night of March 9, Williams was shot through the window in the house in which he was living for the purpose of robbery, but the robbers, and murderer, were scared away before they secured the loaf. They were charged with other mysterious string murders and were taken to Newkirk for trial.

Chinese Boycott a Sunday School.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 20.—Twenty-five Chinamen have declared a boycott against the First M. E. church Sunday school. A week ago their opinion doors were raided, fifty-six arrests made and faint paroxysms convulsed. Mrs. Crocker, wife of Police Sergeant Crocker, is a teacher in the Chinese Sunday school class, and they allege that she gave the police a hint of their gambling. The boycott is the result.

A Methodist Minister Drowned.

NEVADA, Mo., March 20.—Judge N. V. Nessick, one of Cedar county's best known citizens, was drowned Saturday in the Sac river while trying to cross at the Nichols ford. He was 57 years old, and a Methodist Protestant preacher, and at the time of his death was returning from Vista, or Elizard Lake schoolhouse where he had been holding a protracted meeting for the past three weeks. His body was recovered yesterday.

Indictments for Poisoning.

GOLDEN CITY, Mo., March 20.—The Cedar county grand jury has returned indictments in the Comstock poisoning case. Sterling Brasher is charged with murder in the first degree, but is out on \$10,000 bail. His wife, Minnie Brasher, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Brewster, are both under indictment for complicity in the crime.

Pardoned and Arrested.

JEFFERSON, City, Mo., March 20.—Governor Stone granted a pardon to Henry Harris, who was serving a six years' sentence from Marion county for burglary. Harris is wanted for murder in Corsicana, Texas. The officer from Texas left immediately for Corsicana with Harris.

SEIGNIORAGE MEANS RUIN.

See Worth in a Petition to the President.

BOSTON, March 20.—A document signed by over fifty of the most prominent bankers in this city has been forwarded to President Cleveland urging upon him the necessity of refusing to sign the seigniorage bill and stating that it will ruin the banking business, create distrust and in a measure ruin the financial standing of the country.

Mrs. Fred Tissel and little daughter have returned from an extended visit in Texas.

A HOOISER HUMORIST

God Traits of Poet Riley's Friend, JAP MILLER.

The Hero of a Famous Poem Sells Nations and Tales Philosophy at Martinsville—A Quaint Autobiography and Characteristic Interview.

Have you ever read James Whitcomb Riley's poem "Jap Miller"? If not, there is a treat in store for you. Lots of people, perhaps the majority of Riley's readers, have supposed that Jap was a caricature of the poet's dreams or perhaps a composite picture of Hoosier traits. But he isn't. He's real flesh and blood, with plenty of蹊密和 lies in Martinsville, where the poem locates him. Riley's picture of him is more accurate than the average photograph. Here it is as it is printed in his volume called "Green Fields and Running Brooks." Jap Miller, down at Martinsville, is the blam'd-est cellar rat.

When he starts to a-tellin', other folks is apt to say:

"Pearl like that mouth o' his wasn't made for nothing else.
But jes' so angry 'em down and gotten in their pants.
He'll talk you down on tariff, or he'll talk you down on tax.
And prove the raw man pays 'em all, and them's the sole fact."



JAP MILLER.
(From a sketch)

Religion, law or politics, peace fighting or badin' up.

He's tough as Jap Miller, and he'll pees you in school.

He's the comicalist teller over tilted back a chair.

And tick a chaw of tobaccoe kind like he didn't care.

That's what the teller's strength lays—so-comicalis and plain.

That he's no grov'ning old Jap, you bet your hairy grinn.

They lectured him to 'moral, but it never turned his head;

And didn't make no difference what anybody said.

He didn't dress ev'ry finer or rig out in fancy clothes,

But his voice to council meetin's a terror to his foes.

He's for the poor man every time, and in the last campaign.

He stampers out Marquette County through the hills and hollows.

And hold the banner up-right from a-trollin' in the dust.

And loves on monopoles, and cuss'd and cuss'd and ev'rything.

He'd tell some funny story ev'ry now and then, and then—

Till, blime it, it wuz better'n a jack-o'-lantern show.

And I'd go furder yet today to hear old Jap narrate.

Then ev'ry high-toned curar that ever stamped the state.

Why, that's the blam'd Jap Miller, with his keen, aristocratic face.

He's got more trouble than any candidate that ever run.

Don't know what his vices are, when he's stamping the same to you.

They allus thinks with you, or at least that shan't no noise.

In startin' to doin' him, so you better not consider.

The best way to 'em is to listen, like yer humble servant do.

And jes' comedie Jap Miller's the best man ever.

As may be supposed, Jap is a very popular citizen in Martinsville, and the folks there were greatly pleased when the poem was first published. Jap was immensely tickled with it himself. He had several thousand copies of it printed on cards for distribution among his friends. The reverse of some of these bore his business card, advertising the general notion stores he keeps. On the backs of others was the following characteristic autobiography:

In the backwoods of Shelby county, Ind., in the spring of 1856 surrounded by winter, mud and dozing vegetation, I was born, having of brothers and sisters. My parents did not need us, and we were brought up in poverty.

My health was poor, and during this early part of my existence I had all the diseases common to the weak body. Early in life I developed a wonderful appetite for anything and everything in the grub line. I am a natural product of the soil, and a natural product of the "red sand society of Martinsville." My parents are doing good in my character, give the credit to my neighbors for their education (if any), you should find some of the bad, change it to my associates, for I believe that I am a creature of circumstances. I am not a society man, but a lover of good company.

If you want to know what I am, I know what it is. This world is full of sorrow and sadness, and it is also full of sunshine and gladness. Don't be timid, but come and see me. I can't come to you. I believe in magnetism, but not in spiritualism. My advice is to go to a doctor, and if you are not satisfied with him, don't let him treat you any longer. Doing something to make the world better, you are working for it well one way. Plant flowers, speak kind words and feed the poor, and when you cannot fly any longer seek out withered trees. Don't commit suicide, on, wall. A man may die, but if you want to live, come to Martinsville. If I am dead, come to him.

—JAP MILLER.

Jap has written an account of his first meeting with the poet in a paper read at an Epworth League entertainment. He says when he first saw Riley he knew he was either a poet or a confidence man. They got acquainted quickly, though their questions and answers were all in the shortest possible meter. They sat in an alley back of Miller's store, and Riley made Jap promise to read Dickens. Before leaving, the poet promised to come back at 10 o'clock that night and tell Jap a Dickens Christmas story.

"That night at 10," says Jap, "I went back to the alley, and he was there. No word said anything for some time. Finally the Christmas story was begun, and it was finished at half past 1. We went home. He did not say good night. In fact, we said nothing at all—we simply faded out of the alley."

THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

Personal Sketch of the Well Known and Lamented Humorist.

[Special Correspondence.]

DANBURY, Conn., March 15.—This little city still shows both publicly and privately visible signs of mourning the loss of one of her best and most popular citizens. James Montgomery Bailey has been known to the world for many years as The Danbury News Man. "Monte" Bailey, as he was familiarly called by those who knew him best in life, was comparatively a young man at the time of his death, having been born in Albany in 1841. At one time he was one of the most famous figures in American journalism, and as the originator of a characteristic style of American humor he has been without a rival.

Probably no more democratic man ever lived than Monte Bailey, or one more easily approached, and his humor was of that natural, spontaneous kind, which came from him easily and without effort. It dealt with the most commonplace realities of New England life, but such faithful pictures did he manage to convey by his brief sketches, and with so exquisitely funny, that they found a place in every family circle, east and west and north and south, and at the time when the Danbury News as a weekly was so popular the books written by Mr. Bailey achieved a popularity that has been given to no American humorist pure and simple with the exception of Mark Twain.

Mr. Bailey's early struggles were by no means easy, and it is to be inferred that his boyhood had not the most peaceful surroundings. He told me once that his stepfather—his own father having died when he was very young—was a man of ungovernable temper, but he was quick to add that he was one of the best hearted men living. It is easy to see, however, that Mr. Bailey's youth must have been strongly impressed on his mind by the vivid pen pictures he gave afterward of his boyish experiences.

When a boy he learned the carpenter's trade, and the most that he received mentally was a common school education. When the war broke out, he enlisted in the Seventeenth Connecticut volunteers, and afterward he went to Danbury, where he got control of The Jeffersonian newspaper and changed it to the Danbury News. It was then, when he was established as the editor of what was in many respects but a village paper, that Mr. Bailey's sense of humor

bred. He is a calf of the great cow Europa, the first to astonish the country with her butter-making record for a year. Her record was 778 pounds 1 ounce of butter, which was surpassed by one of her own descendants, Eurotina, the cow that produced 915 pounds 9 ounces in a year. Pedro is owned at Coopersburg, Pa., by a gentleman who paid \$10,000 for him and got his money's worth.

Silage for Sheep.

Good silage makes as cheap a ration as one can devise for fattening wethers, although it is even better suited as a food for breeding ewes. Occasionally it may be found that the wethers do not relish the silage, especially if it is in any way tainted, but if the food is clean and sweet they will soon learn to eat it with as much eagerness as they would good grass. It is rarely, however, that they take any dislike to the silage even at first, and then only a few days are lost, not sufficient to affect materially the progress of the animals. We have heard of some sheep breeders who claimed that the wethers would not eat the silage, and that they had to be changed upon another nation before they could gain in weight. This must be exceptional, for nine out of every ten sheep will relish clean, sweet silage.

Probably the trouble has been that the owners have depended almost entirely upon the silage for feeding. This has been a great mistake in the past. Silage is not intended to take the place of all other foods, but in all instances either green hay or stalks must also be fed. If the sheep, for instance, are fed exclusively upon silage, the results would be that weak and some dead lambs will follow. The sheep need fodder as well and also some grain. The same is true of cows or any animals fed on silage.

A good mixture for the wethers is made by giving them a daily allowance of corn silage, cut corn fodder and some whole corn. This can be divided to suit the owner, but a fair proportion between the silage and the dry fodder should be observed. The animals under the treatment fatten rapidly, and so far as all observations are concerned they remain in perfect health. The cheapness of the ration must also be considered.—American Cultivator.

Feeding and Manorial Value.

One of the hardest things to make plain is what is really meant by the feeding and manorial value of stock foods. Both of these values are comparative—that is, if cornmeal is worth so much, wheat bran is worth so much—but we cannot give the value of one without comparing it with the other. It will not do to say to the farmer in New Jersey and the farmer in Wisconsin, "A ton of wheat bran is worth \$35 for feeding and \$15 for manuring." The cost of cattle feed and the cost of fertility differ in these two states. The manorial value of the bran is equal to the cost of buying 50 pounds of nitrogen, 60 pounds of phosphoric acid and 30 pounds of potash in other materials. This feeding value is equal to the cost of 312 pounds of protein, 93 pounds of fat and 1,200 pounds of carbohydrates. One can easily see that the price of a pound of nitrogen or a pound of protein might be greater in one state than in the other. Therefore no actual definite value can be given that would answer for both places.

In the east, where definite values are given for fertilizing substances, the "manorial values" are more practical, because they can be compared with fertilizers. In the west, where the laws regarding fertilizers are not so strict, they have only a comparative value at best.—Rural New Yorker.

The Danbury News man had found that what he took up more as a recreation had begun to attract attention all over the world, and that he was famous.

His books rapidly ran through several editions, and he declared that the climax came when he was offered \$25,000 for a series of lectures. This was suddenly jumped from \$2,000 or \$3,000 weekly to \$30,000, and when Mr. Bailey's first book was published the price had a steady sale.

The Danbury News man had found that what he took up more as a recreation had begun to attract attention all over the world, and that he was famous.

He was born in Martinsville, Indiana, and died in Danbury, Connecticut, in 1894. He was buried in the Danbury Cemetery.

—JAMES M. BAILEY.

With such a prosperous career as The Danbury News and the author of such popular books, Mr. Bailey soon found himself in easy circumstances, and he made a trip to England, where he found that his works had preceded him and were having a ready sale. On his return he began to lecture and was favorably received everywhere. Some one asked him not long ago if he were not rich.

"Well," he replied, "I am comfortable, but most of my treasures are in heaven."

Such was James Montgomery Bailey, one of the kindest souls who ever lived—a man who was never known to turn away a beggar from his door—and perhaps the best epitaph that can be recorded of him should be that the world was better for his being here.

—TOM MASSON.

LIVE STOCK.

DAIRY BULL.

One of the Most Famous Jersey Bulls in the Country.

The picture shows what a very old Jersey bull is like after he has made a record extending through five generations of cow life. The animal here represented is Pedro, \$187. He is now 10½ years old. Such is his vigor, however, that he is still in active service.

Pedro was the champion Jersey at the World's fair. He is American born and

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

SAPOLIO
IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

CALL FOR LEAGUERS.

President Hoch and Secretary Sheldon issue the Seventh Annual Call.

President E. W. Hoch of the Kansas Republican League has issued the following call for the seventh annual meeting of the league, which is to be held in Topeka, Thursday, April 6.

To the members of the Kansas Republican League and Republican Clubs of Kansas:

A year ago the "great victory" of reform with a big R was consummated in state and nation. The people wanted "a change" and they got it. No mistake was made about that. Smokes furnaces in countless numbers millions of idle workmen, business paralysis everywhere, demoralization at home and disgrace abroad, a great majority in congress unable to get a quorum, old soldiers trembling every time they go to the post office, all these things attest the fact that they wanted a change for a change.